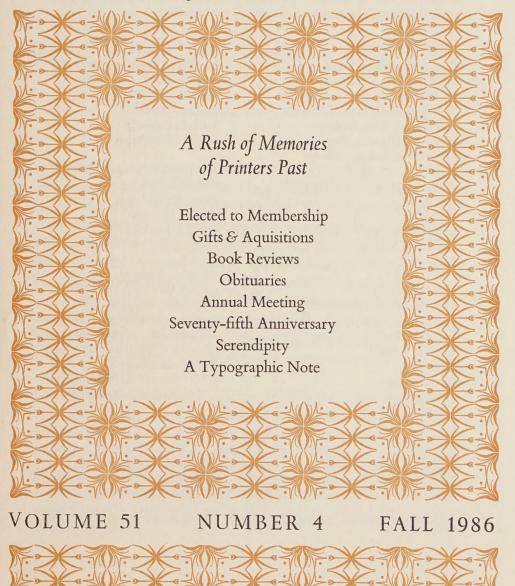


The Book Club of California Quarterly News-Letter



Founded in 1912, The Book Club of California is a non-profit organization of book lovers and collectors who have a special interest in Pacific Coast history, literature, and fine printing. Its chief aims are to further the interests of book collectors and to promote an understanding and appreciation of fine books.

The Club is limited to 1000 members. When vacancies exist membership is open to all who are in sympathy with its aims and whose applications are approved by the Board of Directors. Regular membership involves no responsibilities beyond payment of the annual dues. Dues date from the month of the member's election. Regular membership is \$40; Sustaining \$60; Patron \$125.

Members receive the *Quarterly News-Letter* and all parts of the current Keepsake series. They have the privilege, but not the obligation, of buying the Club publications, which are limited, as a rule, to one copy per member.

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A Rush of Memories of Printers Past WARD RITCHIE



when I graduated from college in 1928. While I was already enrolled in law school I wasn't particularly happy. The first year can be especially dull. I was much more interested in poetry, art, and the realm of books. In those days the bookstores of Los Angeles clustered around Sixth Street and Grand Avenue: it was pleasant and easy to spend a day loitering and browsing in a dozen or so second-hand and antiquarian bookstores within that couple of blocks. Books were relatively inexpensive, and the quest for them was an exciting game. While in college I had become addicted to this sport and spent many of my afternoons gathering treasures of earlier minds to stimulate my own.

Dawson's Book Shop at the corner of Wilshire and Grand Avenue was the most alluring. "Father" Dawson bought hundreds of renegade old books from England and battered incunabula which he'd break up; he would sell separate sheets from many of the great books of the early centuries—Jenson's Pliny, Ratdolt's Euclid, a page from a book of Sweynheym and Pannartz, and delightfully illustrated pages from the Nuremberg Chronicle of 1493. It was always a joy to browse there.

In Pasadena there was a chipper, small and vivacious lady with a cloudburst of bluish-white hair, living luxuriously in a Frank Lloyd Wright house. She was Alice Millard, a fantastic woman whose husband, George Madison Millard, had for decades presided at the gatherings at the "Saints and Sinners Corner" at McClurg's bookstore in Chicago. On retirement he moved to California, and upon his death Alice Millard successfully continued his business from her home, catering primarily to the affluent. I was certainly not among those, but I enjoyed visiting with her and inspecting the pristine copies she always seemed to have of Kelmscott, Doves, and Ashendene books. It was in her library that I first saw a copy of François-Louis Schmied's beautiful *Le cantique des cantiques*, which subsequently led me to France to be an apprentice and study with him.

But it was the young Jake Zeitlin who had the greatest influence on me as a potential printer—and also on the other young typestickers who used to gather at his barest little bookshop on Sixth Street to admire the English books from the Nonesuch, Golden Cockerel, Cresset, and other fine presses that were creating books exciting to printers. Jake Zeitlin was a catalyst. He gathered artists and authors as well as printers and book collectors into his humble den. He had a small gallery, not more than ten feet of space in which he had shows of great importance—Rockwell Kent, Eric Gill, Paul Landacre, and the first shows of Edward Weston and Käthe Kollwitz. Around him gathered the young writers of the area, Carey McWilliams, Louis Adamic, Will Robinson, Phil Townsend Hanna, and Merle Armitage among many others. They initiated an intellectual ferment previously foreign to staid and culturally backward Los Angeles. They started their own opinionated magazine, which they naturally called Opinion and published a diatribe by Armitage, The Aristocracy of Art. Armitage had recently come to Los Angeles, having been an important impresario and art collector in the East. He deplored the abysmal state of culture in the city, and he was not reluctant to expose his views before the members of the California Art Club: "Arriving in Los Angeles from New York, I was appalled by the anemic, colorless art being produced in the then remote and provincial Los Angeles area. Moral, social and sentimental values were utterly confused with aesthetic values."

The publication of this talk was something of a landmark locally, joining in the design of the book the flamboyant Armitage with Grant Dahlstrom, a young and conservative lad who had recently emigrated from Utah, and incorporating decorations by the artist Grace Marion Brown. Bold and black in appearance, it apparently influenced Armitage when he started designing his own books a few years later.

Books had become my passion, and though I didn't have too much money to squander on them, I constantly haunted the downtown bookshops. One day at an end-of-the-month sale, I discovered the two-volume set of Thomas James Cobden-Sanderson's *Journals* for only \$7.50—too tempting a bargain to refuse. I had seen some examples of his bindings at the Huntington Library, which had opened its doors to the public only a few months earlier, and was intrigued and curious about the man who had created such beautiful designs. Reading his journals, I learned that he had forsaken the practice of law for bookbinding and later had become a printer at the Doves Press. I decided I would follow his example and abandoned law school. I couldn't find anyone who taught binding so I settled on printing, taking a course at a local trade school.

I was fortunate in meeting Gregg Anderson, a young page at the Huntington Library, who with another young Huntington employee, Roland Baughman, was doing some printing under the name of the Grey Bow Press. Gregg did the printing at his uncle's shop in Pasadena, and Roly did most of the writing. Gregg was delighted to find a neophyte such as myself and began flooding me with advice, examples of his Grey Bow work, and lists of booksellers to whom I should write for catalogues. He lent me his copy of Frederic Warde's book on Bruce Rogers, which I absorbed and from which I typed the entire text and bibliography, so I might have a copy too. He also directed me to Porter Garnett of the Laboratory Press, who sent me batches of his students' printing to use as examples.

There hadn't been any of what is known as "fine printing" done in Los Angeles until the late 1920s. Los Angeles printers had completely ignored the so-called "Revival of Printing," as initiated by William Morris's Kelmscott Press in the 1890s, though finely printed and designed books had been done for decades in Boston, New York, Chicago, and to the north in San Francisco. Jake Zeitlin was the prime mover, abetted however by the opening of the Huntington Library, which showed examples of great printing, and by the emergence of several young printers interested in good book design. Jake's interest in publishing gave these lads an opportunity to develop in the best tradition, an interest emulated in later years by other local publishers, the Huntington Library, and Dawson's Book Shop.

Gregg Anderson left the Huntington Library to enter Pomona College, for a while abandoning his interest in printing. But after a year and a half the old urge was renewed, and his admiration for the books being printed by Edwin and Robert Grabhorn led him to San Francisco to work for them. The one and a half years he spent there were both exciting and disillusioning. He wrote me a delightful

letter about life at the Grabhorn Press:

The books Ed finds are something fantastic. He never spends less than \$300 a week for books, and that is only the obvious purchases, the books he brags about, or the ones he orders by mail. He shows up at noon waving a book that he has just bought, the Flowers of Passion, George Moore's first, an immaculate copy that he just unearthed down the peninsula ninety miles or so. Or a dandy early map of California, his latest—that is to say, during the last two years—bent. California, Californiana, anything, everything, books by the truckload, magazines, letters, newspapers, land grants, early oil paintings, engravings of the great fire of 1850, manuscripts of overland journeys.

He supports six or seven book peddlers who appear daily at the shop with a book that they will let him have for \$10 and which he buys for \$2.50. When he is away for a week or so they become noticeably thinner. A hunted look appears. He returns. The joyful

welcome. The Zellerbach Paper Company collector comes prowling. "Well, I'll have some money at the end of the week." He staves them all off with additional work and \$100 on account. "To hell with them, the robbers, that last bill was too high anyhow, and I

just gave them a check six months ago."

And Valenti [Angelo]. "God, but the ad business is awful. No work. My neck, my belly, my back, I won't live a year longer. My wife, my baby, my painting. You bastards, you don't know what art is. You haven't any emotions. I can feel that's the way. The Red Badge ought to be illustrated. I'll be somebody when you're still puttin' those little things in a stick. I'll go to New York. I'll go up and live in the mountains, raise some apples and have a few pigs and play with the baby. The world's coming to an end. A fellow stopped me on the street and I gave him a quarter yesterday. I've got to stop buying books. I'll sell every one I've got. You wait. I tell you we're in for a hell of a time. Money's scarce. The world's comin' to an end. Oh, my back, my belly. I can't eat this stuff, I know (I worked at the St. Francis), my side aches."

And Tom, he runs the press. "Thackeray makes my ass ache. Where was I last week? Oh, I was down at the library doin' a little research. Yeh, I'm gettin' old. Almost sixty. I had a good job in New York. Running a string of platens. Worked for a Jew and he was a hell of a good boss too. Best job I ever had. De Vinne? All he had was a bunch of old junk. Why, I wouldn't touch it. I was used to handling good machinery. Say, that woman has a damn clever style. Say Bob, ain't this supposed to be Juniper instead of Junior, and there's a couple of bum letters here too. Give me a brass lead and I'll jimmy the form. Drunk? Sure I'm drunk."

But a few months later, toward the end of June, 1931, Gregg Anderson wrote me in a totally different mood:

Just what do you think of fine printing now? The last six months have seen me gradually losing my awe and reverence for most of it. I have been reading De Vinne and I have become a De Vinne fan;

there was a man who knew more about the making of books than all the modern practitioners thrown together. Scholarship, learning, intelligence, those are the things that now seem to me the ingredients of a good book: more than all the art in the world they are the essentials. I find Ed's utter disregard for the logical arrangement and correctness of the text getting on my nerves now and again; his inability to make a book that can be read standing in the way of my appreciation of his other good and true qualifications as a book printer, so I busy myself at learning how to spell, tracing the growth of the footnote in an effort to imbibe a learning that will make me competent to print McKerrow's next opus—Have you read An Introduction to Bibliography—or a book of poetry?

He continued to work at the Grabhorn Press until November of 1931, at which time he set his sights on working with a more practical printer, perhaps Daniel Berkeley Updike of the Merrymount Press in Boston. I, in the meantime, had spent the previous year as an apprentice at the atelier of the great French artist, engraver, and printer François-Louis Schmied, in Paris. Upon returning, I worked for a short while at Jake Zeitlin's bookshop before he concluded that I might do better as a printer than as a bookseller. He gave me as a parting gift a catalogue and a book to print for him. With a couple of college chums I joined a short-lived printing firm named Hackett, Newell & Ritchie. Gregg had just come south from San Francisco, and we put him to work handsetting Phil Townsend Hanna's Libros Californianos for Zeitlin's Primavera Press. When it was completed he took off for Boston in anticipation of landing a job with Updike. Updike was most kind and helpful, but as Gregg wrote me, "He tells me that when he hires someone, he wants someone he can boss, no bright young fellows with suggestions to offer. And he doesn't want someone with ambitions, who will work a while and then be off for the woods." But Updike did help him get a job with the Meriden Gravure Company where he worked until 1935, when he returned to California because of his wife's health.

Completely converted to practical printing by that time, he told

me, "I'm really a lot more interested now in correctness than how a thing looks. I could never feel sure that some day I was going to be able to set pages like Grabhorn or Bruce Rogers; I felt pretty sure I would never be able to, because it was nothing that could be learned; you could or you couldn't, that was all."

Gregg came to work for me at The Ward Ritchie Press, eventually to become partner. It was a very satisfactory partnership: he was the practical man, I was the dreamer and the designer. He was killed on the Normandy beachhead during World War II.

Zeitlin's bookshop was a magnet for us young printers, and we banded together as a convivial group in the early Depression days. This group later became the Rounce and Coffin Club, or as Lawrence Clark Powell writes:

The origins of the Rounce & Coffin Club are already shrouded in mystery. Only one fact is irrefutable: it was founded by an itinerant book peddler and a band of starveling printers—Jake Zeitlin, abetted by Gregg Anderson, Grant Dahlstrom, and Ward Ritchieback in the bitter Autumn of 1931. Thus it would seem to have been the product of social unrest and unemployment. Or, in other words, the materialized figment of a group of disordered young brains, all of them hungry for business. For Satan finds some mischief... This little band augmented very early by Saul Marks and Paul Landacre, met at first—disguised as idealists on idealism bent—in Zeitlin's den, across the street from the Bible Institute. Those of you who recall the gatherings in that evil sink (Zeitlin's shop, that is) with its sordid trappings of cash drawer, wrapping-paper, twine, and even a few grimy books, will be amazed that the present dignified organization could have metamorphosed from such an unpromising sabbat.

Soon after the founding of the Club, Gregg Anderson left for the East, but the rest of us continued to enjoy the conviviality of one another's company. Though we were rivals in a sense, we had mutual respect and common interests, and occasionally an excess of youthful exuberance. Jake Zeitlin recounts one such memorable gathering:

The tinted glow of time lends color to the memory of many of our meetings. Some were held in dignified and honorable surroundings. Others are more cherished because of their questionable auspices. I particularly treasure the remembrance of an evening we met in Ward Ritchie's print shop in South Pasadena to partake of spaghetti and red wine and to produce a memorial keepsake for Arthur Ellis. There must have been six of us and Ritchie's ample ration of spaghetti left only room for gargantuan libations of the most insidious red ink that ever was trod from the grape. We then advanced to our endeavor. I wrote in illegible letters what seemed a noble tribute. Paul Landacre set himself down to engrave in wood an opening initial. Grant Dahlstrom and Saul Marks performed a feat of typesetting never before witnessed. In the light of two guttering candles, holding one typestick, they crossed arms and to the tune of some symphonic record proceeded to set the type four-handed in a single stick. Ritchie dampened the hand-made paper and prepared the Washington hand press. A pretty visitor, Gloria Stuart, hovered over Landacre's shoulder to his utter distraction. Meanwhile the jug passed round among us. Landacre finished his initial and all might have gone well except for the exuberance of Marks who, having abandoned his part of the composition to Ritchie and having consulted the liquid oracle, decided to pi the type. It became my duty to restrain him, whereupon, I endeavored to bounce him back upon the spring mattress that served as Ritchie's couch. The elastic quality of the springs was our undoing. For with each fall upon them Marks would bounce back Antaeus-like upon his feet and charge among the typesetters. The evening ended in shambles of spaghetti, red wine, pied type, and printer's ink with no keepsake to our credit but the memory of a magnificent and glorious catastrophe which Ritchie had to clean up the following morning.

Such convivial occasions were not typical of these generally abstemious printers. Grant Dahlstrom was the oldest of the quartet of Anderson, Dahlstrom, Marks, and Ritchie, and also at one time an

Elder of the Mormon Church. He had worked for several years in a printing shop in Utah and had spent a year studying printing at the Carnegie Institute of Technology. He was a mature and practiced printer when he arrived in Los Angeles in 1927. His first job was with the most prestigious shop in the city, Young & McCallister, when Bruce McCallister was having the type set for *The History of Wirner's Ranch and Its Environs*. Dahlstrom put the finishing touches on the book and designed the title page. It has the distinction of being the first book printed in Southern California to be chosen as one of the Fifty Books of the Year by the American Institute of Graphic Arts.

Dahlstrom was a traditionalist in his design of books. He was a meticulous and careful craftsman. Only a few of his books were in the spectacular class, but all of them reflected his own good taste. He worked with Bruce McCallister for some fifteen years before buying the Castle Press in Pasadena in 1943. While it was primarily a commercial operation, he designed and printed many books for the Huntington Library, the Book Club of California, the Sacramento Book Collectors Club, Dawson's, and Jake Zeitlin. He was in his late seventies when he was in an automobile accident and died soon after in 1980.

Saul Marks and I were born on the same day, he in Warsaw as Yisroel Chaim Miodownik, and I in Los Angeles as Harry Ward Ritchie. He changed his name to Saul Marks upon emigrating to the United States; I shortened mine to Ward Ritchie when I became a printer at the age of twenty-four. He became a printer at the age of twelve. His curiosity as a young lad often led him to peek into a small printing shop, which he passed every day on his way to and from school.

There was a manpower shortage in Poland during World War I, and one day as the curious Yisroel stopped for a cursory glance into the shop he was offered a broom and a job. Not too long afterwards his employers were jailed for counterfeiting German currency, and the shop was left in the hands of young Yisroel and another twelve-year-old boy. They continued to operate the plant for the duration of the war, visiting the jail every day for instructions from the

owners. After the war he emigrated to the United States where he had relatives. Having difficulties with the new language he was induced to join the army for three years, and being stationed in Panama, he had ample time to perfect his English, to read books about printing and design, and to become enamored of a tropical climate.

After his release, he worked in printing plants as a compositor in New York and Detroit, where he married Lillian Simon. During one cold winter in the East, he remembered the warmth of his army days in Panama and decided to make a move to sunny Southern California, where he arrived in 1930, leaving his new wife in the East until he could find suitable employment. This he obtained, and after a couple of years he and Lillian with a couple of partners started the Plantin Press. The first years were rough going for the new firm, but he was such a meticulous craftsman that he soon acquired a reputation for fine work. Jake Zeitlin gave him several commissions, including a catalogue that was so carefully and painfully composed that by the time it was delivered most of the books had been sold—but Jake cherished it as a work of true printers' art. He also printed a book for Jake's Primavera Press which I designed. In the catalogue of the Plantin Press exhibit at the UCLA Library in 1955, Saul wrote:

A Gil Blas in California was the first book printed at the Press. Ward Ritchie designed the book. The publishers, Jake Zeitlin, et al., got a special bargain in the title page which, in the vogue of the day, occupied two pages. The actual setting of the title took very little time. The following morning Ward came and pinned the proof on the wall. He asked for a slight alteration in spacing and pinned the new proof on the wall. By five o'clock there was hardly space on the wall for a thumb tack. The designer and the printer were walking from one proof to another. It was decided to make no further changes.

Saul may have exaggerated somewhat, but in those days when I was a novice designer I was emulating Francis Meynell whom I had

watched at the Nonesuch Press trying every possible variation of a title page before making a final decision.

Saul Marks was a perfectionist in all things. He developed a style in composition and design quite early in his career here, which he continued to follow and refine until his death in 1974. Lillian continued to operate the Plantin Press for a few years before disposing of its fine equpment to Patrick Reagh. John Dreyfus, the English authority on printing, wrote in an obituary that it "became evident to me that Saul and Lillian Marks were the finest printers in North America."

In a talk before the Bibliographical Society of America, Jake Zeitlin aptly termed this minor outbreak that began at the turn of the twenties a *Small Renaissance: Southern California Style*. It went on to include such notable printers as Merle Armitage, Richard Hoffman, Thomas Perry Stricker, and William Cheney—but these are memories for me to record another day.



WARD RITCHIE is a book designer and proprietor of Laguna Verde Imprenta. This article first appeared in *A Bibliophile's Los Angeles*, published in 1985 by the International Association of Bibliophiles. Reprinted by permission.

Elected to Membership

The two classifications above regular membership at \$40 per year are Patron membership at \$125 per year and Sustaining membership at \$60 per year.

New Patron Member	Address	Sponsor
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Allen K. Mears Virginia Beach, Virginia Peter B. Howard

New Regular Members

Walter Barnes Calistoga Ann Whipple
Peter H. DeLafosse Salt Lake City, Utah John Crichton
Robert A. Huss Los Angeles Leonard Bernstein
Daniel O. Stolpe Santa Cruz D. Steven Corey

PREMIUM DUES NOTICE

The following Members have transferred from Regular to Sustaining Membership (\$60):

William H. Baccus Gardena
Don Franklin Santa Ana

Gifts and Acquisitions

For too many unhappy reasons, mostly because the recent issues of the Quarterly News-Letter were too "fat," there was precious little room for our "thanks" to contributors of books and ephemera; but some of the problem must rest with this reviewer, who had too many reviews and acknowledgments to write. To any and all, our mea culpas. Unfortunately one dropped gift was an outstanding group of books, keepsakes, and ephemera from dear Betty Potter. There were thirty-one books and some very interesting ephemera—among which was a curious pamphlet titled Bummer & Lazarus. Many have written on these two famous dogs of Emperor Norton's and this curious pamphlet led us to Anne Bancroft and Robert Ernest Cowan's book Bummer, Lazarus and the Forgotten Characters of Old San Francisco, as published by Ward Ritchie in 1964. But surprisingly, this pamphlet is not mentioned in our cursory reading of that book. All references appear to be from news accounts and no mention is made of this story by A. von Bergen. Thus this contemporary account could well make a charming keepsake. We are most grateful to Betty Potter and our apologies for taking this long to say "thanks."

ALBERT SPERISEN

The Club has acquired the first part of a proposed series of publications concerning the Dard Hunter Collection at the Institute of Paper Chemistry in Appleton, Wisconsin. This first part is on Dard Hunter's watermarks. We regret that this series is being published as a "magazine"—we wish it were at least casebound. But this is important to the Club's almost complete run of the books Dard Hunter published and printed. This issue contains a preface by his son, Dard Hunter II, and an excellent chronology of Hunter's life and work. It will be housed with our Dard Hunter Collection.

A.S.

We have acquired a bibliography of the Samurai Press by J. Howard Woolmer, whose most recent bibliography was of the Hogarth Press. The story of this little-known private press is important to our reference library and the prime interest to this reviewer and to collectors of private press operations is Woolmer's accounting of the travels of the Samurai Press' eighteenth-century Stanhope press. Previously owned by James Gutherie of the Pear Tree Press, this printing press became the property of Ralph Straus, who printed under the imprint of the Ostrich Press, in 1909 after Samurai closed its operation. In 1916 the press was sold to H. D. C. Pepler, better known as Douglas Pepler, for his St. Dominic's Press in Ditchling where he printed much of Eric Gill's early tracts and wood engravings. A fascinating saga of the travels of one printing press.

We have acquired a copy of an excellent "I remember, I remember"—the story of Taylor & Taylor as remembered by James Welsh Elliott, the last owner of that renowned printing office. It was well written by Elliott fourteen years after the closing of the press (1961) and a short two years before he died. There is one unhappy error—surely not by Elliott, it must be an editor's mistake—Paul Q. Forster was a personal friend of Elliott's for over twenty years—yet Forster's name is misspelled! While this is a well printed booklet it is surprising to this reviewer that Bruce Washbish hadn't been asked to print it. Bruce is the son of Robert Washbish who was a partner with Elliott at T&T for several years and Bruce served his apprenticeship with that firm. Today he operates his own press, as one of our new fine printers.

We have received from the Private Libraries Association a long awaited work on the Engravings & Drawings of Joan Hassall, possibly the most accomplished of women wood engravers working today. From her first award in drawing and engraving in 1931 and later that year upon receipt of a scholarship, Joan Hassall went on to do engravings for all of the fine presses in England. This work included illustrations, decorations, and a host of bookplates, all done with great imagination and extraordinary skill. This book is an important

addition to any collection of fine printing and for engraving enthusiasts. The regular edition of 62 pages of text and 162 pages of illustrations can be had for \$30. A special edition of 110 copies, of which 100 are for sale, contains eight engravings not previously shown, and a three-color wood engraving printed in 1948 for her friends inserted in a pocket in the back of the book. All but 20 copies as of January were already subscribed at \$150.00.

A.S.

Member Ethel Crockett has given the Club a curious and most interesting book from the Library of Congress, 1975, titled Viewpoints | A Selection from the Pictorial Collections of the Library of Congress, a picture book by Alan Fern, Milton Kaplan, and the staff of the Prints and Photographs Division. This book is, in effect, a capsule of the great collections of World History, Transportation, U.S. History, The American Scene, Architecture in the U.S., the Lively Arts and Artists' Prints housed at the Library, a very ambitious undertaking for an oblong book of some 225 pages. But more, the offset illustrations are very poorly reproduced—and this cannot be for want of good basic material. The fact that this book was produced in 1975 is no excuse for the poor reproduction of these engravings and original drawings. Quality offset was available and it is a pity that a book of this importance should have been entrusted to the Government Printing Office.

A.S.

From Member James Pepper of Pepper & Stern—Rare Books, P.O. Box 2711, Santa Barbara, California 93120, we have received his latest publication, *The Adventure of the Priory School*, the first facsimile ever made of an Arthur Conan Doyle Sherlock Holmes manuscript. It was designed and printed by Graham Mackintosh in an edition of 350 copies of which there are 26 lettered copies in deluxe bindings. This presentation copy is signed by both Mr. Pepper and Len Deighton, who wrote the introduction. Our thanks to Mr. Pepper.

A.S.

Of all the things that might be said about member Harold Berliner's latest typefoundry catalogue, certainly it is one of the finest exhibitions of type we have seen in many years. Harold took a leaf, so to speak, from one of the early Monotype magazines in England and chose as a device to set continuing pages from Beatrice Warde's great book *The Crystal Goblet* with each succeeding page in a different typeface, thirty in all, with a note on each face together with side-notes for easy type identification. This is a "show-off" piece that, if AIGA still had their Commercial show, would be included. This catalogue should be in *any* collection of typefaces. Copies may be had by writing Harold Berliner, 224 Main Street, Nevada City, California 95959.

From Director Sandy Kirshenbaum, the Club has a copy of an article first published in her *Fine Print*—"The Book Typography of Hermann Zapf"—

and now republished by The Typophiles. This reprint was handsomely printed by A. Colish (1984) after a design by Jerry Kelley. We are delighted to have the reprint and it will be housed with other Zapf material. Incidentally, the Club had the pleasure of exhibiting Zapf's first one-man show in Western America and Zapf printed the postcard announcement of it in Germany (which was mailed from the Club, then located on Market Street). A.S.

From former Club president Richard Dillon, the Club has received another of his contributions on Western history, *The Later Days of the California Missions*. This booklet is the result of a talk given by Dillon and it has been published as "Keepsake No. 2 of the San Francisco Corral of Westerners." We regret it wasn't better printed, but Dillon's contribution is worthwhile. Copies may be had from the Ross Valley Book Company, 1407 Solano Avenue, Albany, California 94706.

This Matt Lowman booklet should have been acknowledged in our last issue, but unfortunately, there was no room ... not even for just "thanks." To correct that "oversight," we are delighted to report that the Club is grateful to Matt for Clifford Burke's charming pamphlet *Fine Printing*, done in 1975. Written and printed by Clifford on the occasion of The American Library Association's meeting in San Francisco, this pamphlet will join our collection of Clifford's work.

A.S.

From member and Associate Librarian at Boise State University, Ralph W. Hansen, an old friend who at one time was a librarian at Stanford, we have received a welcome book for our reference library—Commercial Engraving and Printing, a Manual of Practical Instruction, 1921. This is a well illustrated and informed work on all of printing and the allied crafts—mostly letterpress printing. Our sincere thanks to Mr. Hansen.

A.S.

Gloria Stuart, one of our more recent members and surely our newest private press operator (Imprenta Glorias) has presented the Club with her very first book, *Haiku* a poem to Gloria from Ward Ritchie, and a poem in answer, *ukiaH for Ward* by Gloria. This is an amazing multi-media production combining letterpress, silk screen, and embossing printed on various exotic papers. It is bound in a Japanese stab binding using Pawlonia wood-veneer covers with mounted endpapers in a gold China tea chest paper. This is an amazing first production printed and bound by this very talented lady artist turned printer. The Club is delighted to include this notable first printing with our collection of California fine private presses.

Our sincere thanks to Matt Lowman for a copy of R. Hunter Middleton's *Making of Printer's Typefaces*. Matt gave this copy to the Club in memory of

Mr. Middleton and it wonderfully complements the Caxton Club's R H M, which was the last book on Middleton.

A.S.

Our *quarterly* thanks to our perennial contributor, Toni Savage of Leicester, England, for the most recent of his continuing gifts of his private press printing. The copies of his "Phoenix Broadsheets" now number 272! This is a fine example of his New Broom Press, a charming edition by poet Boyd K. Lichfield, signed by the author and Toni—printed in an edition of 130 copies of which ours is number 78.

From Member Lawrence Clark Powell we have a new addition to our collection of his writings, *Books are Basic | The Essential Lawrence Clark Powell*, edited by John David Marshall and published by the University of Arizona Press, Tucson, where Larry is Professor in Residence at that university. All of Larry's books are well designed, and this one, designed by Christopher Stinehour, continues the tradition. It was printed and bound by Edwards Brothers. The Club is pleased to have this volume of "Larry on Larry," being selected excerpts from his many writings.

A.S.

Our thanks to our former president Mr. Muir Dawson for a delightful small book: Examples of Printing Designed by Students at the Scripps College Press, 1946–1971. The examples chosen are incomparable—the result of the efforts of an ardent teacher, Joseph Arnold Foster, and the unique quality of the young women who worked under his guidance. Some years ago when Ward Ritchie introduced Beatrice Warde to the work of these students, she too was amazed and selected quite a few to bring home with her to England to show students exciting examples of young American women's work. This book was privately printed in 1985—a pity really since this should have a wide circulation.

A.S.

The Printers' Chappel of Santa Cruz has kindly sent the Club a copy of their attractive catalogue of their recent exhibit at the Santa Cruz City Museum in February and March of this year. There is a three-page foreword by William Everson entitled "Reflections on the new printers of Santa Cruz." It was produced as a collective effort as all Chappel members were responsible for printing their own pages with the rest of the catalogue printed by the Catalogue Committee. It is bound in attractive printed wrappers and was printed in 200 copies. The catalogues are \$25 and may be obtained from Mr. George Kane (252 Third Avenue, Santa Cruz, California 95062).

Member David Laird, co-owner of the Peccary Press in Tucson, has sent the Club a copy of the most recent publication of the press, entitled Cabeza de Vaca—His Relation of the Journey From Florida to the Pacific 1528–1536 by Haniel

Long. There is an Afterword by Peggy Pond Church and there are striking linoleum block illustrations throughout by Mark Sanders. It was printed on Strathmore Artlaid paper and handbound in an edition of 250 copies by Saltbush Studio for the Peccary Press. The book is also known as *The Power Within Us*, of which there have been several printings, notably Harold Berliner's 1976 edition.

D.S.C.

Our thanks to the Roxburghe Club of San Francisco for a copy of their 1986 publication *Printers to the Club—A Portfolio*, compiled and edited by James Linden and Jennifer Larson. The portfolio honors the printer members, past and present of The Roxburghe Club of San Francisco. Although not a complete listing, some thirty-one printer members are represented by an actual specimen of their printing enclosed in special printed folders. Peter Koch did a splendid job of printing the folders and the introductory folder and the folders are housed in a very handsome drop-back box made by Klaus-Ullrich Roetzscher. Full marks to everyone for a job well done and congratulations to our Roxburghe friends.

Our thanks to members Mr. & Mrs. Herman Cohen of the Chiswick Book Shop Inc., of Sandy Hook, Connecticut, who gave us a copy of their 1985 publication, Aldus Manutius and the Development of Greek Script & Type in the Fifteenth Century by Nicolas Barker. Although this copy does not contain the four Aldine specimen leaves as issued in the edition of 200 copies, the Club is nevertheless delighted to have this important book which is also so beautifully produced, with the design and calligraphy by Stephen Harvard, and printed and bound by Meriden-Stinehour.

The Club has received a copy of *W. H. Weeks*, *Architect* from its author, Betty Lewis. Edited by member Samuel Stark, the book is lavishly illustrated with photographs, and is available at local book stores, or from the publisher, Lewis Associates, 420 Main Street, Suite 204, Watsonville, California 95076, at \$7.50 per copy plus tax and \$1.00 for postage and handling.

Member Robert Power has very kindly made a contribution of money, for which the Club is grateful.

We are pleased to report gifts of money from member Frank A. West of Pebble Beach and former member Captain William T. Boyland of Sunnyvale. Our thanks to them for this generous evidence of their interest and support.

Book Reviews

Normally, we do not tempt you with books that are virtually unobtainable, but we shall make an exception of Cramer's Pack Train, Or the Overland Limited, a small volume compiled and published by Club members Kenneth Gardner, Jr., and T. Dudley Cramer in an edition of only 100 for extended-family members, because copies have been placed in selected libraries like the Bancroft and the Gleeson (USF). And because, as all bonny collectors know, copies are bound to "leak" out to bookstores in time. The text is composed of letters by the compilers' joint-grandfather, ex-prep school professor Frank Cramer, describing family burro trips in the Sierra Nevada, from Yosemite to Tahoe, in 1908, 1909, and 1912. These were years in which all of California was uncrowded and clean-aired, and when Yosemite was a paradise patrolled by the U.S. Cavalry. Cramer's last trip home from Yosemite to Palo Alto, alone, with a horse and two packburros, cost him just \$4.70—and he only swiped hay for the animals once. The jolly little adventures of this good-natured outdoorsman and loving paterfamilias, a kind of "poor man's J. Smeaton Chase," whether fighting too-tame mosquitos, raising a mired donkey, or spitting in the dark and (with the entire Sierra available) hitting the frying pan!, make this a charming little book, especially for collectors of Yosemitiana, if they can get their hooks on a copy. RICHARD H. DILLON

Club member Franklin Beard's The Way We Were (Southern Mines Press, Box 200, La Grange, California 95329; \$45 hardbound, \$35 paperbound) is a volume of grassroots history, a sort of nineteenth-century "mugbook" in modern dress. However, this multi-family album is not a county history, but the story of a slice of Stanislaus County east of Modesto along the Tuolumne River from Dry Creek to Waterford. The center of the district is Empire, once a church-sponsored agricultural colony. The text is based on oral history, 200 personal interviews made by the compiler over ten years, and items culled from the files of Modesto's newspaper. Mr. Beard has illustrated his book with over 400 photographs, many of them informal snapshots. The result is a very detailed and narrowly-focussed volume of California history of greatest interest to the rare collector of Central Valley history. An interesting aspect of the Empire story is that the melting pot phenomenon applied to rural as well as urban California in the old days. The non-hyphenated Americans, like the Beards and Crows, etc., have had neighbors of great ethnic variety-Portuguese, Japanese, Basques, Italian-Swiss, Danes, and so forth.

The latest two volumes in Monsignor Francis J. Weber's remarkable series of documentary histories of the California missions cover San Luis Obispo

(Mission in the Valley of the Bears) and Soledad (California's Sorrowful Mission). The eighteenth and nineteenth titles in a series that will total twenty-three volumes, one for every mission plus a volume each, of index and bibliography, are wonderful supplements to the basic set of books on this subject, written many years ago, by Rev. Zephyrin Engelhardt. This new compilation is a labor of love by Club member Msgr. Weber, the same padre whose bibliophilic hobby is miniature books like his wee volume Fray Junipero Serra, a Western Books Exhibition prize-winner for 1986. As editor-compiler, Msgr. Weber has integrated such documents as lists of priests with diary extracts (Font, etc.) and parts of books by visitors-Duflot de Mofras, J. Ross Browne, George Wharton James, Cora Older-into a chronological sequence. All titles in the series are available from Dawson's Bookshop in Los Angeles and are moderately priced. The 350-copy, 240-page San Luis Obispo volume, for example, sells for \$18.00. Although the printing, per se, is only ordinary (done in Hong Kong), these books are invaluable sources of information and highly recommended to collectors of Californiana. R.H.D.

Obituaries

It is with regret that we report the death in June of Kenneth J. Detwiler of San Francisco, vice-president of Asian American Bank, member of the Book Club since 1978, its Treasurer since summer 1983, and a member of the Board of Directors since 1984. President Donald Fleming has appointed John Borden to serve as interim Treasurer in Mr. Detwiler's stead.

We are deeply saddened to report the death of printer-member Sherwood Grover of Aptos, former pressman at The Grabhorn Press, and more recently proprietor of The Grace Hoper Press, where he produced two books for the Club. A memorial keepsake is planned.

It is with deep regret that we also report the following deaths among our membership:

Arthur Woodward of Patagonia, Arizona, a member since 1948, and formerly chief curator of history at the Los Angeles County Museum, who died in January.

Ms. Rosario Andrea Curletti of Santa Barbara, a member of the Club since 1985, who died in March. Descended from Ramona Carrillo (wife of Romualdo Pacheco, first native California governor under the U.S. flag), Ms.

Curletti was active in helping to preserve the archives of the Mission Santa Barbara.

R. R. Delareuelle of Walnut Creek, a member since July 1959, who died in May.

Peggy Christian of Los Angeles, a member since November 1967, who also died in May. She was a long-time, distinguished bookseller and her absence will be a great loss to her many friends and colleagues.

Annual Meeting

The Annual Meeting of The Book Club of California will be held in the Club rooms, 312 Sutter Street, San Francisco, on Tuesday, October 21, 1986, at 12:00 Noon. Please give us a call at (415) 781-7532, if you plan to attend.

Seventy-Fifth Anniversary

Book Club members will kindly note that the Club will celebrate its Seventy-fifth Anniversary in 1987. Among the celebrations contemplated will be a dinner at The Bohemian Club, scheduled for Friday, October 16, 1987. Please mark your calendars and watch subsequent *Quarterly News-Letters* for further details.

Serendipity

Mills College is proud to announce that it has been selected as the site of the first annual J. Ben Lieberman lecture sponsored by the American Printing History Association to honor the memory of its founder. The lectures are intended to reflect one of Mr. Lieberman's many interests in the fields of printing and the graphic arts and in book arts education. It will be co-hosted by a different institution or organization each year to give the series a national scope and audience.

Claire Van Vliet of the Janus Press in Vermont will deliver the first annual J. Ben Lieberman lecture at Mills College on November 6, 1986. In addition, Claire Van Vliet will be artist-in-residence for the week of the lecture, and will conduct two workshops, one for the book arts students at Mills and one which will be open to the public on Saturday, November 8. Further information can be obtained by calling Mills at (415) 430-3302 or 430-2001.

CORRECTION:

Your Editor regrets that the final *e* in Earle Weller's first name was omitted in Earl Emelson's obituary of Mr. Weller in the last issue of the *Quarterly News-Letter*. Our thanks to member Tyrus G. Harmsen for bringing the correct spelling to our attention. Mr. Harmsen, who has just retired as College Librarian of Occidental College, also added that when he first came to Occidental, Mr. Weller's collection of Keats and Romantic Literature had just been received.

A Typographic Note

For Volume Fifty-one of the *Quarterly News-Letter* (the sixth they have printed) Will Henry Powers and Wesley B. Tanner have chosen to arrange the text in Monotype Bembo. Spectrum, another Monotype face, has been chosen for the display type, the whole composed at the San Francisco firm of Mackenzie-Harris Corp.

Bembo was introduced by the Monotype Corporation in 1929, having been cut under the supervision of that firm's typographic advisor, Stanley

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Suite 303 278 Post Street San Francisco California 94108 (415) 398-0414 Morison. The letter is based on a roman type cut in 1495 by Francesco Griffo for the Venetian publisher Aldus Pius Manutius. The type derives its name from the first Aldine book set in the face, Pietro (later Cardinal) Bembo's *De Aetna*. Writing of the types cut by Griffo, Giovanni Mardersteig has said "... that the first edition of *De Aetna* has remained such a fascinating book ... is ... proof of the admirable design and quality of the alphabet created by Francesco Griffo. It is not surprising that his work has held its position as an ideal type face right down the ages." This high praise for the type of 1495 has been echoed many times in discussions of the Bembo of 1929, as in Hugh Williamson's comment that "no more popular and widely useful type has ever appeared in metal" (*Methods of Book Design*, Yale University Press, 1983).

For this volume, the ornaments are the Monotype Glint series, designed in 1956 by David Bethel. The paper is 80-pound Mohawk Superfine, widely regarded as one of the finest book sheets available today. It is made by Mohawk

Paper Mills of Cohoes, New York.

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The Bidwell Letters

Edited by Allen R. Ottley

SACRAMENTO BOOK COLLECTORS CLUB—1986

The decline, death, and burial of John A. Sutter, three thousand miles away from his beloved California, is set forth in hitherto unpublished letters exchanged between Mrs. Annie Bidwell and her husband John.

The book also contains an overall sketch of the California experiences of Sutter, and adds new information on the remarkable career of one of the Golden State's most famous settlers and citizens.

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The edition is limited to 410 copies, of which 400 are for sale to non-members at a price of \$37.50.

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